

Inside the Slasher Studio

by Universal Queen

Category: Halloween

Genre: Humor, Parody

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-08-28 01:08:55

Updated: 2006-10-28 09:35:37

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:03:08

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,710

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Join Soledad Ramirez, a plucky slasher fan turned chatshow host, as she conducts sitdown interviews with famous monsters, slasher villains and various others from slasher flick history!

Episode One: If Michael Myers Could Talk... Reviews welcome.

1. Episode One

****Inside the Slasher Studio****: Episode Oneâ€"If Michael Myers Could Talk"

Disclaimer: I do not in any way, shape or form own Michael Myersâ€"he is the property of Debra Hill and John Carpenter. This goes, too, for other characters from the "Halloween" movies and "A Nightmare on Elm Street." Soledad Ramirez, however, is my own creation (as is the UCUCUC)--for purely satirical purposes. There may also be ****SPOILERS**** for the aforementioned movies, so I just thought I'd mention it. All opinions stated herein are mainly speculative and not necessarily the opinions of the author, John Carpenter, Debra Hill, or even the characters. I do not make any money from writing thisâ€"please do not sue me. Hopefully, I can also make a point or two about certain aspects of the slasher genre, but, really, I'm just trying to be funny. This is art for art's sake. Thank you, and enjoy.

(_Lights up, on a bare set in a public-access TV studio. Soledad Ramirez, in an off-white dress and with obvious highlights, sits prim and proper in a cozy chair opposite Michael Myers, who is also seated in his own cozy chair and sitting very still. Visibly excited and bursting with pride, Soledad turns to address the viewers at home._)

Host: Hello, everyone. I'm your host, Soledad Ramirez, and I'm

pleased to welcome you all to "Inside the Slasher Studio." We're in for quite a treat, slasher-fans, as our guest tonight, the infamous and legendary Michael Myers, has agreed to grant us an exclusive interviewâ€”his very first actual sit-down interview since he shot to slasher-stardom over 30 years ago. Mr. Myers, it is an honor, sir.

(Michael Myers nods. Someone coughs. Soledad realizes that Michael Myers is clearing his throat.)

Myers: You'll have to excuse meâ€”I'm a little congested.

Host: Oh, I see. Well, then, let's get started, shall we?

Myers: Yes, please.

Host: (_excited_) Wonderful! Mr. Myers, it goes without saying that you are one of the brighter stars and seasoned veterans of slasher villainyâ€”and, if you'll pardon my German, one of the distinctly more bad-ass rampage killers in cinema history.

Myers: Actually, I prefer the term "selective rampage killer." It's a bit more accurate in describing my particular line of workâ€”|

Host: Of course, sir. But you are still bad-ass, if I may say so?

(Pause. Michael Myers stares at Soledad, his fingers interlocked, slowly tapping his thumbs together.)

Myers: One could argue that, I suppose.

Host: I always do, sir--even when I'm not prompted! (_laughs_) Anyway, my first question to you is, what is your primary motivation as a supernatural rampage killer?

(Pause. Michael Myers sighs deeply.)

Myers: For starters, Soledad, there is very little that is "supernatural" about my work. Each murder is essentially the result of ordinary, quite straightforward physical violence and general mayhem. Boosted, of course, by my deceptively powerful physique.

Host: (_eager_) Yes, I see.

(Pause. Michael Myers stares at Soledad.)

Host: I'm sorry, sir. Please, go on.

Myers: Secondly, "motivation"â€”| is more of an actor's term, and I am most definitely _not_ an actor.

Host: Oh, of course not, sir, of course not. Let me rephrase the question--let's seeâ€”| What, then, do you consider to be your reasoning behind your brutal killings of all those people, primarily teenagers?

Myers: Well, to put it honestly, my primary purpose as a selective rampage killer is to uphold the status quo for Traditional American

Values.

Host: Traditional American Values?

Myers: Yes. According to the Traditional American Values, as set down by the Uber-Conservative Uber-Christian Uber-Coalitionâ€

Host: â€"UCUCUCâ€"

Myers: (_ignoring her_) â€"the status quo runs thusly: "All teenagers, regardless of gender, must devote themselves to Godly Living, particularly through simple prayer and abstinence until lawful marriage. Swearing, Underage Drug-Use, Underage Imbibing of Alcohol, Habitual Practicing of the Seven Deadly Sins, and especially Extramarital Sexual Relations are all offenses to Godly Living and are expressly punishable by death. So it is written in the Book of Leviticus."

(_Awkward pause, as Soledad considers this information._)

Host: Um, forgive me, sir, but I don't recall Leviticus specifically saying anything about drug-use being punishable by death.

Myers: It's a matter of interpretation.

Host: Oh. All right. Go on.

Myers: As I was saying, all professional slasher villains are oath-bound to uphold said status quo and to mercilessly pursue and slaughter all such offenders. So you see, Soledad, I don't kill _everyone_â€"just the ones that deserve it. That's why I'm "selective."

Host: I see. And what of your family, Mr. Myers? Are you pursuing them as violators of the status quo? Do you see yourself, then, as a modern Orestes, out to destroy the evil House of Atrius that is your family?

(_Pause._)

Myers: One could say that, I suppose. Especially if you believe that whole disgusting "Curse of Thorn" businessâ€| Yuck.

(_Michael Myers twitches slightly._)

Host: What of Rachel Carruthers, though? I don't think she ever did anything particularly immoral, according to the status quoâ€|

Myers: (_remembering_) Rachelâ€|was living in sin with her female "roommate." And she did not devote herself to Godly Living by such acts as simple prayer. And she was an exhibitionist who didn't have the decency to change in her bathroom where nobody hiding in her closet could see her naughty bits.

(_Pause. Soledad isn't sure she wants to pursue how he knows that last bit of information._)

Host: Uh-huh. And Jamie, your niece? Why did you attack her?

Myers: She was more of a stool pigeon. Saw too much.

Host: I see. And the dogs? Why do you attack dogs? Why not cats?

Myers: Cats are too stringy. I'm also somewhat allergic to their dander.

Host: (_impressed_) Fascinating. Fascinating and awful.

Myers: It's a filthy business, but it has to get done.

Host: Don't you mean, "It's a dirty job, but someone's gotta do it"?

(_Pause. Michael Myers stares at Soledad._)

Host: Sorry, bad reference. Moving on. How do you feel about the effects and work of other slasher villains, such as Hollywood Heavyweights Jason Voorhees and Freddy Krueger?

Myers: I will say this in defense of young Mr. Voorhees; despite his greenness and lack of technique, Jason does some quality work as a selective rampage killer, perhaps because of his intense misanthropy, which I highly commend him for. Total, all-consuming hatred of humanity is one of the key basics of selective rampage killing, and Jason has that down pat. His mother taught him well.

Host: Yes, Pamela Voorhees--a good mother and an excellent influence, if I may say so, sir.

Myers: Fred Krueger, on the other hand, is nothing but a glorified child-murdering, child-molesting, pusillanimous burn victim who simply screws with his victims' dreams before killing them. In their sleep. Where is the valor in killing people in their sleep, when their fear can't even fully register in their eyes? What, I ask you, is the point of slaughtering promiscuous teenagers if they are asleep and if nobody but some ditzy, coffee-swilling Final Girl knows you did it? And she's not even alive, anyway? Where, if you'll pardon my Spanish, is the cojones in that? Nowhere, that's where.

Host: I'm sensing a lot of hostility towards Mr. Krueger.

Myers: Krueger is a pathetic joke. And is damn near ruining it for the rest of us. He tries to uphold the status quo, and yes, he kills off the lapsed-Christian sexpots with gusto. However, he is still a lascivious, weak-willed PERVERT, who not only cannot keep himself out from between the Final Girl's legs, but who ALSO gets his rocks off threatening the Final Girl's virginity--which is going WAY too far, considering that she is UNDER AGE and no doubt saving herself for marriage, which any good Christian girl should, according to the status quo.

Host: Forgive me, Mr. Myers, but I'm a bit confused. How, exactly, is Mr. Krueger's work not a validation of the status quo?

Myers: Practitioners of selective rampage killing, as I've said before, uphold the status quo according to Traditional American Values. As such, selective rampage killers are expected to present themselves as cold, unfeeling, sterile authority figures to be simultaneously feared and respected. Nowhere in the status quo does

it specifically condone adults of any stripe, slasher villain or no, engaging in Extramarital Sexual Relations with any children under the age of 18 years old. Of course, Krueger would argue that the status quo says nothing whatsoever against "serious flirtation" with children under the age of 18 years old. But I ask you, Soledad, how can you possibly respect a child-molester?

Host: I can't say that I can, sir.

Myers: Precisely. The most effective way to instill fear and respect, in my experienceâ€”and Jason's done well to pick up on this, tooâ€”is to know when to keep your mouth shut and simply exude menace. Keep all your cards to yourself. Verbal threats are dead giveawaysâ€”the height of immaturity and unprofessionalism.

Host: With all due respect, sir, it has been argued that sometimes slasher victims are so stupid they may actually need it spelled out for them.

(_Pause. Michael Myers stares menacingly at Soledad. _)

Host: Yipesâ€”|

Myers: I believe I've made my point.

Host: So, wait. Back up. Am I to understand that, in Mr. Krueger's attempts to uphold the status quo, you are saying that he is also violating the status quo himself, by making sexual threatsâ€”which are interpreted as encouragement for Extramarital Sexual Relations?

Myers: Exactly. In threatening the virginity of god-fearing Christian children, he is directly undermining our entire purpose. Krueger may be a violent bastard out of hell, but as far as selective rampage killing goes, he's an absolute disgrace to the profession. Idiot.

Host: Strong words, sir, but quite compelling, too.

Myers: There's no guts in anything he does. He can never roll with the gunshotsâ€”he has to rig things, plan everything out so meticulously that the average quarry doesn't stand a chance in hell of surviving on their own merits. The craven cowardâ€”|

Host: He never gives them a sporting chance?

Myers: Never.

Host: Fascinating. Well, sir, we're coming up on the end of our program. Do you have anything else you'd like to share with us about the profession of selective rampage killing? What is the secret of your success in this field?

Myers: If I may employ a synecdoche for explanatory purposes?

Host: I don't see why not, sir.

Myers: To be completely blunt, I am an asshole. And that is the whole reason I can say all of this to youâ€”because it takes an asshole to know an asshole, and you have to be an asshole in this business.

Selective rampage killing essentially requires one to take a dump on the parades of anyone having the least bit of "fun," especially if it means killing them to uphold the status quo. In fact, I would go so far as to pride myself on being the biggest asshole in this business, whereas my buddy Jason is a half-mast phallus and Krueger is just a cancer-eaten prostate gland.

Host: No offense, sir, but wouldn't it be more accurate to characterize yourself as a fully erect phallus taking a whiz on the parades of status-quo-violators?

(_Pause. Michael Myers stares menacingly at Soledad. _)

Host: Very eloquent, as always, sir.

Myers: I do my best.

Host: And, on a final noteâ€"and I understand completely if you have hesitationsâ€"could you chase me around the set with that kitchen knife in your belt? Pretty please?

Myers: Well, you have been a tolerable host, and you seem like a polite, upstanding young woman who knows her Leviticus and says her prayers each night.

(_Pause. _)

Myers: Butâ€|

(_He draws the knife out of his belt. _)

Myers: You didn't say "God bless you" when I coughed.

(_He rises from his seat, baring the knife. _)

Host: (_play-whimpering_) Oh my gawdâ€| oh my gawdâ€| (_to the viewers at home_) That's all our time for tonight, slasher-fans. See you next episode when we interview Jaws the Great White, and remember: reality is just another nightmare.

(_Soledad does a "Scream Queen" shriek and runs around the set, Michael Myers stalking after her with the bared knife. Fade to black. _)

THE END

2. Episode Two

****Inside the Slasher Studio**:** Episode Twoâ€" "We're Going To Need A Bigger Set"

Disclaimer: I do not in any way, shape or form own "Jaws"â€"he is the exclusive property of Steven Spielberg, Peter Benchley, & Carl Gottlieb. This goes, too, for other characters from "Babe," "Lassie" and "Black Beauty," who are the property of their respective owners/creators. Soledad Ramirez, however, is my own creation (as is Esther the Animal Psychic, Jimmy the Stage-Manager, Ralph the Cameraman, and Scotty the Boom-Mic Operator). All opinions stated herein are not necessarily the opinions of the author, Mr. Spielberg,

Mr. Benchley, Mr. Gottlieb, or even the characters. I do not make any money from writing thisâ€”please do not sue me. Hopefully, I can also make a point about certain aspects of the slasher genre, but, really, I'm just trying to be funnyâ€”here, at the expense of a fictitious animal. Yes, that's right; one fictitious animal was harmed in the making of this fan-fic, because I think we can all agree that undue cruelty to actual animals is just plain wrong. Once again, this is art for art's sake. Thank you, and enjoy.

(Lights up, on a relatively bare set in a public access TV studio. Soledad Ramirez, in a pastel blue sun-dress and feathered blond hair, sitting in a cozy chair, next to another empty cozy chair and a gigantic fish tank that has "Please Do Not Tap On The Glass" written along the bottom of the glass wall facing the camera. This fish tank contains a slowly swimming Great White Shark. Looking prim, proper, and proud, Soledad turns to address the viewers at home.)

Host: Welcome back, slasher-fans. I'm your host, Soledad Ramirez, and this is "Inside the Slasher Studio." Now, I don't know about the audience at home, but I've always been an avid defender of marine life. So we're all in for a marvelous experience, as tonight we interview JAWSâ€”the Great White! Welcome to the program, Jawsâ€”how're you doing in there?

(Pause. The shark continues to swim slowly around in the water, as if slightly confused.)

Host: Fantastic! It's so wonderful that you were able to make it hereâ€”I can't even tell you what our staff went through just to get you into our studio. (laughs nervously) No, seriously, I can't. Otherwise several people I know could get in serious troubleâ€”| (checks her watch) Now, I understand you have another pressing engagement to get back to, so I suppose we should just dispense with the formalities and get started?

(Pause. Soledad watches as the shark floats over to the side of the tank closest to the camera crew, as if looking out.)

Host: (pretending she wasn't ignored) Splendid. Okay.

(Soledad turns to address the viewers at home.)

Host: Now, everyone, I realize that English is clearly not Jaws' first language. And I'm sorry to confess I haven't exactly been brushing up on my Shark. (laughs) So, to help us all understand this often misunderstood creature, we've brought in renowned animal psychic, Esther Croyden. Come and have a seat, Esther!

(Enter Esther Croyden, a nervous middle-aged woman in scarves and bangles, from behind the shark tank. Soledad gets up from her chair and greets Esther with a friendly handshake.)

Host: We're very happy to have you on the program, Esther.

Esther: (nervously looking at the shark tank) It's, uhâ€”| it's good to be here, Soledadâ€”oh dear, is, isâ€”|(pointing at the shark) is

that thing all right?

Host: Perfectly safe. The walls are three-feet-thick and made of Plexiglas. Plus, he's had a couple of tranquilizers to even him out a bit, so he won't be trying to escape.

Esther: Well, I'm not a vet, or anything, but he looks kind of sick.

Host: He'll be absolutely fine, I promise. Please, have a seat.

(They sit in their respective cozy chairs. Esther glances warily at the shark, as it swims slowly around the tank.)

Host: Now, you've said in your profile on "Who's Who in Animal Mind-Reading" that you've been able to accurately translate for such famous animals as Babe the pig, several of the Lassie collies, and even Black Beauty. That's quite impressive.

Esther: Thank you. Black Beauty was a darling to work with. Always concerned for othersâ€”very considerate. Babe, on the other hand, was a bit of a prima donna, to be honest. Not that I haven't met any nice pigsâ€”there have been plenty of other nice pigs whose minds I've read. And it is possible Babe might have been a perfectly lovely pig when he was training to be a sheepdog. But I tell you, once he won that competition, the fame just went to his head, and heâ€”really let himself go, if you know what I mean. Always demanding more white corn and throwing a hissy-fit if he got yellow corn. It wasn't too horrible, just kind of sad. Not as painful and difficult as my sessions with the Lassies, though. They weren't bad tempered, but they were extremely troubled about the issues of their sexuality and gender-identityâ€”didn't understand that, in most circles, they couldn't be females if they neverâ€”uh, went into heat, shall we say. I hated to break their little hearts and tell them the truth, but you know how it is when you're trying to do what God put you on Earth to doâ€”

Host: (not listening) Marvelous. So, will you be able to translate our friend, Jaws' thoughts for the viewers at home?

(Pause. Esther looks over at the shark, which is now perfectly suspended in the middle of the tank, as if in a daze.)

Esther: Well, I haven't really done a shark beforeâ€”mostly just household fish, like koi, crawdads and clownfish. And they're just tiny little nutters with tiny little minds, you know. But I suppose I'll give it a shot.

Host: Excellent. Let's get started.

(Esther reaches an open hand, fingers splayed, in the shark's direction and closes her eyesâ€”getting ready to receive the animal's thoughts.)

Host: (to the shark) Jaws, what is your primary motivation as a human-flesh-devouring Great White Shark? What is your opinion on concepts of right and wrong?

(Esther stops and turns to Soledad.)

Esther: Honey, no offense, but he's a not human. For crying out loud, he's not even a mammal. He doesn't understand "motivation" or even "right" or "wrong." You have got to start with simpler questions.

Host: All right. Jaws, how does it feel to be the first ever non-human interviewee on "Inside the Slasher Studio"?

(_Pause. Esther extends her hand again, and closes her eyes._)

Esther: Better. Let's see, here. "Stomachacheâ€| Hurtsâ€| Can't tell if it's hunger-pangs or nauseaâ€| "

(_Esther opens her eyes and looks at Soledad._)

Esther: Did you feed him, dear?

Host: No.

Esther: Has he eaten at all today?

Host: Not that I'm aware of. Not yetâ€"although I was saving a medical cadaver's lungs for him later. (_to someone off-camera_) Jimmy, be a darling and get my purse back in the dressing room, will you? We need to feed Jaws.

Stage-Manager: (_off-camera; sighs_) Coming, Miss Ramirez.

(_The shark starts hacking in the water, as if it's coughing._)

Esther: (_to Soledad_) Honey, you can't just throw food at a sick animal when you can't tell how it's feelingâ€"!

Host: (_interrupting Esther_) â€"That's interesting. I had no idea sharks could cough underwater.

Esther: Sharks don't cough, dear, they don'tâ€|haveâ€|lungsâ€|

(_Something suddenly occurs to Esther, and she looks at the hacking shark in terror._)

Esther: (_disgusted_) Oh no. Oh no, oh, oh sweet Jesusâ€|

(_The shark hacks harder, as if it's preparing to vomit._)

Host: Oh wow, he _does_ look kind of sick.

Esther: (_freaking out, her eyes shut_) Oh my God! The pain and the anguish and the sufferingâ€"this is horrible! Somebody do something!

Host: (_to someone off-camera_) Scotty, you might want to get the tranquilizer gun.

(_Esther glares at Soledad, eyes wide in shock._)

Esther: A gun?

Soledad: Well, how else do you expect him to take his tranquilizers? With warm milk and cookies?

Esther: (_panicking_) You are a horrid bunch of idiots! Where's your animal specialist? Is there an animal specialist in this studio?

Host: Esther, we have a perfectly knowledgeable specialist right here. (_to someone off-camera_) Jimmy, get the ladder and steady it so Scotty can get a clear shot!

(_The cocking of a gun is heard off-camera._)

Boom-Mic Operator: (_off-camera_) Safety is off! I repeat, the safety is off!

Esther: You have absolutely no idea what you're dealing with here! (_screaming_) Somebody help him! Don't shoot him! "HELP HIM! He's ill, he's suffering" can't you see that? Somebody call a marine biologist, for Pete's sake! Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty, the poor thing's going to!

(_The shark hacks violently three times and spits up a yellow scuba tank, a neon pink flipper, and a lime green bottom half of a thong bikini. It closes its mouth, and proceeds to swim around the tank again, as the items slowly sink to the bottom of the tank. An un-cocking is heard off-camera. Esther calms down a bit, and catches her breath._)

Boom-Mic Operator: (_off-camera_) Never mind. False alarm. The safety is now on.

Cameraman: (_off-camera, under his breath_) Thank goodness!

Esther: (_panting_) Oh, thank God!

Host: (_nonplused_) All right, now that that little fright is over, let's get back to the interview, shall we?

(_Esther steadies herself, closes her eyes, and raises her open palm in the shark's direction._)

Host: Now, Jaws, I see you just coughed up a thong and a pink flipper"did you eat some rowdy teenage girl? And if so, how was she"tender, lean, festively plump?

Esther: Uh, he says he doesn't know where those came from, only that he's glad he coughed them up.

Host: (_amazed_) Fascinating"absolute fascinating. Jaws apparently has no recall of his victims, whatsoever.

Esther: Um, honey, there seems to be a mistake here...

Host: Beg pardon?

Esther: He says his name isn't "Jaws."

Host: It's not?

Esther: No. He says his name is "Gills."

Host: "Gills," eh? Interesting. So Jaws is a stage-name, I suppose. I always suspected it was too cool to be an actualâ€œ"

Esther: (_interrupting_) â€œUh, not exactly, no. He says there's been a mix-up, and this "Jaws" that you're referring to is his cousin.

(_Pause._)

Host: His...cousin?

Esther: Twice-removed cousin, yes.

(_Pause, as Soledad pinches the bridge of her nose._)

Host: (_sweetly_) Jimmy?

Stage-Manager: (_off-camera; scared_) Yes, Miss Ramirez?

Host: (_sweetly_) Where did you get this tank?

Stage-Manager: (_off-camera_) Um...uh...I think Ralph and Scotty...uh, "found" it at the Ocean Planet exhibit. Where it was supposed to be. Right?

Host: (_not-so-sweetly_) Back entrance or front entrance?

Stage-Manager: (_off-camera; scared_) I, uh...uh, well...uh...um, Scotty says the front entrance, because there was some distraction at the backâ€œsome violent distraction and a whole crowd of screaming people. And... (_under his breath_) Uh-oh.

Host: And?

Stage-Manager: (_off-camera; frightened for his life_) And-and-and-and-and-andâ€œ"

Host: (_not amused_) â€œJimmyâ€œ"

Stage-Manager: â€œAnd Ralph is thinking that maybe that violent distraction wasâ€œ|well, Jaws, because there were two sharks going to the Ocean Planet exhibit that day, one in front and one in back, and I must-have-maybe-sort-of-kind-of gave Scotty and Ralph the wrong directions and they probably got their, uh, "pick-up"... got their backs and fronts all mixed up, regarding the "pick-up"...oh god, and botched it...pleasedon'tkillmeIhaveawifeandthreekidstofeedpleaseIbegyou_don'tkillme_!

(_Whimpering is heard off-camera. Soledad shoots that whimpering person a very dirty look, but then turns back to the viewers at home, smiling widely._)

Host: (_pleasant_) Folks, I apologize. I thought we were speaking

with Jawsâ€"I was clearly mistaken. We've actually been talking to Gills the Great White, Jaws' cousin twice removed. He's graciously come on our program in his cousin's place, as Jaws is currently busy scaring the hell out of stupid teenagers at Ocean Planet's newest exhibitâ€"America's Most Dangerous Aquatic Lifeâ€"| (_not-so pleasant_) And not talking to us. Because _somebody_ found the wrong tank. Awkward...

Esther: (_opening her eyes_) I believe Gills knows a bit about his cousin's life, if you're still interested.

Host: Sorry, time's almost upâ€"and now for the denouement.

Esther: (_confused_) Denouement?

Soledad: Sure. We do this every episode.

(_Soledad gets up from her cozy chair and walks up to the tank, as the shark watches her._)

Esther: What are you doing?

(_Soledad holds up her index finger, grinning mischievously._)

Esther: Soledad, no! The glass says not toâ€"!

(_Soledad taps on the glassâ€"setting the shark into such a frenzy that he proceeds to ram himself, nose-first, into the Plexiglas wall of the tank._)

Host: (_play whimpering_) Oh my gawdâ€"| oh my gawdâ€"| he's going to kill meâ€"oh my gawdâ€"!

(_The shark swims around in a circle, and prepares to ram the wall again._)

Esther: How can you torment the poor thing like thatâ€"oh sweet Jesus!

(_The shark rams the wall againâ€"giving himself a nasty-looking nosebleed. Esther covers her eyes in pain, as Soledad playfully trots around the set._)

Esther: (_to the shark, crying_) Oh noâ€"| Oh, Gills, you poor baby! Stop hurting yourself!

Soledad: (_trotting_) I'd run, but good Scream Queens never muss up their hair.

(_She stops to preen her feathered hair. Laughing is heard off-camera, as the shark swims around in several circles, trailing blood and building up speed._)

Esther: (_sobbing_) Stop laughing, you evil bastards! The poor thing is in pain, and his pain and suffering is most definitely not funâ€"HOLY GOD!

(_The shark rams into the wall once again, bleeding harder. A slight crack is heard._)

Host: (_to the viewers at home_) That's all our time for tonight, slasher-fans. See you next episode when we interview 1960s horror icon, Norman Batesâ€”

Esther: (_shocked_) â€”You brought me on this program because you said you wanted me to read an animal's thoughts, knowing full well that I'm sensitive to their fears and pains, and yet you're torturing the poor creature in front of me? For RATINGS?!

(_The shark swims around again, but faster._)

Esther: (_to Soledad, angry_) Why, you sick, twisted, malicious little hussyâ€”oh dear Christ!

(_The shark smacks into the wall once more, writhing in rage. Esther buries her face in her hands, sobbing and wailing in pain._)

Host: (_ignoring the chaos going on around her_) And remember, everyone: reality is just another nightmare.

(_Soledad does a "Scream Queen" shriek and trots around the set, as Esther wails in empathy and the shark continues to ram its nose into the wall of the tank. Fade to black._)

THE END

End
file.